THE

DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE'S

COW;

A POEM.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

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C O W;

A P O E M.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE'S

C O W;

A P O E M.

WHILE Devon's Ducheſs ſtands at reaſon's bar

And bears th' invectives of the wordy war,

While arm'd by genius, a ſatiric muſe

Comes into Court, impatient to accuſe, *

Severer

* See firſt of April.

Severer ſtill, while now a letter-writer,

Of treaſonable folly does indite her!

I riſe! a feeble advocate indeed,

But where the wit ſhall fail, the truth ſhall plead.

Thou great judge reaſon, check awhile that frown,

And you th' impannel'd jury, call'd the *Town!*

Mark well the fair, who now before you ſtands,

And dares to hope acquittal at your hands:

'Tis not a beldam, who with gaudy ſails,

Glides

Glides down the ſtream of vice, with urging gales!

'Tis Hebe circled by light frolic's court,

Twin'd arm in arm, with young inventive ſport;

Who playful roves 'mid life's unclouded dawn,

On flowery Diſſipation's magic lawn!

This is the ſubject of th' enormous crime,

For which ſhe is arraign'd in proſe or rhyme:

Yet on the precincts of th' enchanted ground,

The monitor, reflection, has been found:

Yet 'mid the noiſe of folly's babbling quire,

Hebe can ſit and wake the tuneful lyre,

'Till ſome ev'n think that ſprightly *Greville* plays,

Or *Carter*'s hand, its magic power, diſplays;

Yet has the voice of want and ſorrow's moan

Acroſs the dance, and muſic's merry tone

Attain'd not unremark'd her friendly ear,

And beauty's cheek, has felt compaſſion's tear.

By

By friends forgot, in ſome obſcure receſs

Hath virtue lain, oft buried in diſtreſs,

As the bright morn ſucceeds to gloomy night,

So on her mournful hours gleam'd comfort's light!

See joy, the mourner's heavy eye-lid lift,

That joy, ye cenſurers, is Hebe's gift.

Once on a barren common's rude domain,

Where chilling poverty, had fix'd her reign,

A meagre

A meagre cow, by famine half ſubdued,

Sought, 'mid the falling ſnow, its ſcanty food;

Touch'd at the ſcene, the nymph addreſs'd her page,

(While thoughts of pity, all her mind engage,)

'On that lean ſuff'rer, this my gift beſtow

'To ſoothe her hunger, and relieve her woe,

'That is (bright Hebe with a ſmile rejoin'd)

'Of yon poor ſuff'rer, the poor owner find;

'For, by that animal's diſtreſsful ſtate,

'I gueſs the colour of the maſter's fate.'

Shame

Shame on the ſtubborn heart, that does not feel

A conſcious glow, at what I now reveal;

Severe accuſers, ſmooth your rugged brow,

And 'ere ye write, remember---HEBE's cow.